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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *November* the 21ſt, 1754.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſâ nocte premit Deus;
Ridetque, ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adeſt, memento
Componere æquus. HOR.

IT requires very little experience of the world to diſcover that mankind ſeldom enjoy the preſent hour, but are almoſt continually employing their thoughts about the future. This diſpoſition may indeed ſerve to delude ſome people into a happineſs, which, otherwiſe, they would never know; and we ſometimes ſee men engaging in projects apparently diſadvantageous to themſelves, that they may enjoy the comfortable thought of

of having benefitted their families. But unfortunately this is not the general turn of mankind; and, I am afraid, ſtill leſs ſo of my countrymen than of any others: they are conſtantly looking towards the dark ſide of the proſpect, fearing every thing, and hoping nothing.

THIS unhappy diſpoſition ſeems to ſpread it's baleful influence more fatally in the month, than in any other of the whole year: for beſides the colds, vapours and nervous diſorders with which individuals are afflicted, the ſtate always ſuffers exceedingly during this month. I myſelf remember THIS COUNTRY UNDONE every November for theſe forty years. The truth is, that to make amends for that levity and diſſipation of thought which horſe-racing and rural ſports have occaſioned in the ſummer, every zealous Engliſhman ſits down at this ſeaſon ſeriouſly to conſider the ſtate of the nation, and always, upon mature reflection, concludes that matters are ſo exceeding bad, that the buſineſs of government cannot poſſibly be carried on through another ſeſſion. The products of the preſs, either proceeding from perſons really affected by the ſeaſon, or cunningly deſigned to ſuit the gloomy diſpoſition of the buyer, all tend to encreaſe this diſorder of the mind. *Serious Conſiderations*, *The Tears of Trade*, *The Groans of the Plantations*, and the like, are the titles that ſpread the ſale of pamphlets at this ſeaſon of the year; while *The Cordial for low ſpirits*, and *The Pills to purge Melancholy* have no chance for a vent, till the ſpring has given a turn to the blood, and put the ſpirits into a diſpoſition to be pleaſed.

THERE are indeed many recreations and amuſements in this metropolis, that are deſigned as ſo many antidotes to the general gloom; but though we have had this

this year the greateſt importation of entertainment that ever was known, I doubt, there are many inhabitants of this city who are at preſent ſo totally poſſeſſed with the ſpleen, that they do not know of half the number of dancers, ſingers, mimics and beauties, which are already arrived. It is, however, comfortable to reflect on that happy revolution, which is conſtantly brought about by the Chriſtmas holidays and the lengthening of the days. Thoſe who ſeemed ſo lately to be loſt in deſpair, grow into ſpirits on a ſudden; and plays, opera's, balls, pantomimes and burletta's, diffuſe a univerſal ecſtacy.

BUT even in the midſt of this higheſt tide of ſpirits, I am ſorry to ſay it, the moſt groundleſs ſuppoſitions of what may poſſibly happen, ſhall ſpread a cloud over all our joy. The idea of an invaſion, a comet, or an earthquake, ſhall keep the whole town in an agony for many weeks. In ſhort, every apprehenſion has in it's turn made an impreſſion on our imaginations, except that of a FUTURE STATE.

THAT this great event ſhould not occupy thoſe minds which are totally engroſſed by the PRESENT, is not much to be wondered at; but that it ſhould be the only view towards which theſe LOOKERS-FORWARD never turn their eyes, is an inconſiſtency altogether unaccountable.

WHEN Falſtaff's wench is ſitting upon his knee, her hint ſeems to be a little ill-timed, when ſhe adviſes him *to patch up his old body for Heaven*; and his reply is ſuitable to the place and occaſion. *Peace, good Doll; do not ſpeak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.* Mrs. Quickly was no leſs blameable on the other ſide, when finding him ſo near his end that he began to cry out, ſhe ſays, *Now I, to* COMFORT *him, bid him he ſhould not think of* GOD.

I AVOID entering ſeriouſly and particularly into this ſubject, that I may not give my paper the air of a ſermon: and inſtead of uſing arguments of a religious caſt, I deſire only to recommend a propriety and conſiſtency of thought and conduct. It is therefore that I would adviſe my readers either to throw aſide, not for this month only, but for their whole lives, this gloomy curioſity that will avail them nothing, and to enter into a free and full enjoyment of the PRESENT; or if, of neceſſity, they muſt direct their whole attention to the FUTURE, let it be to that expectation, which they may depend on with the utmoſt certainty, which will afford the moſt profitable exerciſe for their inquiſitive thoughts, and which will be the only inſtance where an anxious concern for the future can poſſibly be of ſervice to them.

I HAVE been principally led into this train of thinking by a letter which I received yeſterday by the penny-poſt, and which I ſhall here communicate to my readers, as a proper concluſion of this paper.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM juſt returned from a ſhort viſit to ſome relations of mine, who live in a large old manſion houſe in the country. The gloomy aſpect of the place, the unpleaſing appearance of nature at the fall of the leaf, and the alteration of weather with the change of the ſeaſon, made me acquieſce in the received opinion, that there is really ſomething dreadful in the influence of this month of November; which, however, we who live in London, have no ſuch apparent reaſon to be affected with.

THE melancholy impreſſion which I received from the place, was greatly encreaſed by the turn of it's inhabitants. My uncle and aunt are bleſſed with a compe-

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tent fortune, and two fine children; but they neither enjoy the one, nor educate the other; their whole attention being engroſſed by objects, which, in their eſtimation, are of much greater conſequence. My uncle is continually employed in computing the year in which this kingdom is to become a province to France; and my aunt is no leſs occupied in endeavouring to fix the exact time of the Millenium.

A YOUNGER brother of my uncle's, who lives in the family, and who is a very great mathematician, has been buſied many years in calculations, which, he aſſerts, are of the utmoſt importance to the world, as they affect the duration and well-being of it. He is greatly apprehenſive that, from ſir Iſaac Newton's ſyſtem, the time will come when this earth, round as it was at firſt created, will be as flat as a pancake: but long before this event can happen, it muſt certainly ſuffer a more palpable inconvenience. He has made a diſcovery that the profuſion of man conſumes faſter than the earth produces. Vaſt fleets, and enormous buildings have waſted almoſt all our oak; and the firs of Norway are beginning to fail. What ſhall we do, he ſays, when the coal, ſalt, iron and lead mines are exhauſted? And beſides, may it not happen before theſe events take place, that ſuch vaſt excavations, inconſiderately made, may give a pernicious inequality to the balance of the globe? Theſe arguments are ſlighted by his brother, who is more immediately alarmed for the balance of Europe; but they have great weight with my aunt, as they evince the neceſſity of a renewal, and tend to haſten, as well as prove, the eſtabliſhment of the Millenium.

A FARTHER account of the anxieties of this family may poſſibly be the ſubject of another letter: I ſhall, however,